THE
CATHOLIC RADICAL

"...to foster a society based on creed instead of greed." Peter Maurin

August/September 2014 ***Price: For whatever it's worth.***

The War to End All Wars

by Scott Schaeffer-Duffy

One hundred years ago, on July 28, the First World War began, a conflict that would eventually involve 22 countries, take the lives of 16 million people, and wound 20 million more. Billed as "The Great War for Civilization," "The War to Make the World Safe for Democracy," and "The War to End All Wars," World War I resulted in the division of the German, Austrian, and Ottoman empires into unstable states generally run by Western-backed oligarchs. These artificial boundaries were among the causes of the Second World War and many other wars in the Middle East.

Beyond the dishonesty of its stated purpose, The First World War escalated on the back of propaganda. The British and French governments fed newspapers stories of German soldiers crucifying kittens on church doors, impaling babies on helmet spikes, and cutting off the hands of prisoners. While it is factual that the German occupation of Belgium included the killing and raping of civilians, no evidence exists to support the virulent propaganda.

Fifty years later, on August 4, 1964, US President Lyndon Johnson told Congress that American warships had been attacked twice by the North Vietnamese in the Gulf of Tonkin. He called for a "limited and fitting" military response because "we Americans know, although others appear to forget, the risks of spreading conflict. We still seek no wider war." He asked Congress to pass a resolution "making it clear that our government is united in its determination to take all necessary measures in support of freedom and in defense of peace in southeast Asia." The Gulf of Tonkin Resolution passed with only two senators voting in opposition.

Over the following ten years, US military involvement in Vietnam would expand into Laos and Cambodia, resulting in the deaths of upwards to a million people. Like World War I, which did not end war, the US war in Southeast Asia did not bring democracy to Vietnam. It also directly contributed to the rise of the Khmer Rouge, the communist party responsible for the genocide of up to two million Cambodians.

In the aftermath of these spectacular military failures, anti-war sentiments were squelched. Armistice Day, recalling the end of World War I, was renamed "Veterans Day" to change the focus from the end of war to the bravery of individual soldiers. The American loss in Vietnam was blamed on peace activists who were accused of "spitting on veterans," despite the fact that there is no contemporary record of this ever having occurred (see **The Spitting Image: Myth, Memory and the**

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A Call for Community

With the departures of Dave Maciewski and Robert Peters, the Saints Francis & Thérèse Catholic Worker's live-in community is down to Claire and Scott Schaeffer-Duffy. While this makes for shorter weekly house meetings, it also makes it difficult to fulfill our ministry to the homeless while promoting peace. Two volunteers simply cannot accomplish what four could. Beyond the physical tasks, the bigger concern is the loss of community. Three or more people living, working, and praying together is a witness to the possibility of human beings to support one another in the accomplishment of good. It challenges cultural norms of isolation and private property and testifies to the power of cooperation.

Community is a free association based on shared ideals. In its most positive incarnations, it lifts up each member to be his or her best self. Community also requires effort to prevent interpersonal conflict, unfair distribution of tasks, and autocratic decision-making. It opens members up to communal criticism. It requires patience, humility, and a good sense of humor, especially when one considers that the day-to-day work is challenging in itself. Community is not for everyone, but is a great grace for those who are called to it.

In her autobiography, **The Long Loneliness**, the co-founder of the Catholic Worker, Dorothy Day, wrote, "We have all known the long loneliness and we have learned that the only solution is love, and that love comes with community." Kurt Vonnegut echoed her sentiments in his autobiographical book **Palm Sunday**: "What should young people do with their

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CATHOLIC RADICAL

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Founded in 1933, the Catholic Worker is a lay movement serving the poor while denouncing injustice and proclaiming peace. We are not tax exempt. We rely entirely on the generosity of our supporters to meet our expenses. We welcome volunteers, letters, poetry, articles, artwork, and donations.

Community

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lives today? Many things, obviously. But the most daring thing is to create stable communities in which the terrible disease of loneliness can be cured." In his book **Community and Growth**, Jean Vanier says, "One of the marvelous things about community is that it enables us to welcome and help people in a way we couldn't as individuals. When we pool our strength and share the work and responsibility, we can welcome many people, even those in deep distress, and perhaps help them find self-confidence and inner healing."

The fruits and trials of community are obvious to those who live in a Catholic Worker house, but are also available to those who participate from a different home base. Dave Besnia comes by Saints Francis & Thérèse house to tackle ever-present carpentry jobs. Mike True virtually never misses our Tuesday peace vigil, no matter what the weather. Mike Benedetti cooks Sunday dinner. Sue McCune helps get our newsletter collated and addressed. Dave Williams helps at our bakery and proof-reads our paper. Kate Carew comes for Mass, talks, and to offer help when we most need it. Rich Kuzolwski saves us thousands of dollars a year in plumbing charges. Every one of them is an extended community member, as are those who send us donations, articles, poetry, art work, and letters of constructive criticism and encouragement.

At many Catholic Worker houses, volunteers to take a shift "on the house," to answer the phone, chat with guests, and be available should any need arise. Such housesitters can be invaluable.

But we also need one or two more people to live in. These people are the ones who live with our guests and

immerse themselves in the Catholic Worker. They are the primary people who cook, clean, pray, vigil, bake, write, and sleep at the Saints Francis & Thérèse Catholic Worker. With more live-in workers, each community member has time to pursue personal projects. Robert studied Vietnamese, taught literacy, and did artwork. Dave worked on a farm. Scott and Claire are avid runners. Claire also does free-lance writing and works with the Center for Nonviolent Solutions.

Living at a Catholic Worker house is a rich experience. We meet the poor in an intimate way that humanizes them and often humbles us. We confront the evils of war and injustice in print and in nonviolent direct action. We are willing to go to jail or to a war zone if good can be accomplished in either of those places. We do manual labor as well as try to become more learned about the world and how to make it better. We struggle to be good stewards of creation, to eat locally-grown, organic food, to grow what we can ourselves, to waste as little as possible, and to offer delicious, healthy fare to our guests.

Jeff Dietrich, of the Los Angeles Catholic Worker, wrote in the introduction to his, as yet untitled, new book:

"*I am lucky that for the last four decades I have not had to go to work at a job I do not particularly like just to pay the rent or the mortgage.... I am lucky that I have been able to do work that was personally meaningful, challenging, and socially significant.... It is not a job: it is not a career. There is no health care plan, no 501K, no retirement benefits. It is not a job. It is a vocation. It is a prodigal, profligate, wasteful adventure. It is an adventure in which you get to give away everything expecting nothing in return.... It is a kind of sacred freedom. I am not lucky. Actually, I am blessed.*"

Anyone interested in sharing that blessing with us here at the Saints Francis & Thérèse Catholic Worker please contact Claire or Scott Schaeffer-Duffy at theresecw2@gmail.com, 508 753-3588.

The Catholic Worker is a lot like a visit to the beach. Whether one sits on the sand and observes, dips a toe in the water, or dives in, the experience is refreshing. Ω

CW Purpose

The aim of the Catholic Worker movement is to live in accordance with the justice and charity of Jesus Christ. Our sources are the Hebrew and Greek Scriptures as handed down in the teachings of the Roman Catholic Church, with our inspiration coming from the lives of the saints, "men and women outstanding in holiness, living witnesses to Your unchanging love." (Eucharistic Prayer)

This aim requires us to begin living in a different way. We recall the words of our founders, Dorothy Day, who said, "God meant things to be much easier than we have made them," and Peter Maurin, who wanted to build a society "where it is easier for people to be good....." Ω

From the May, 2014 issue of
The Catholic Worker

We Go On Record

by Dorothy Day

Reprinted from The Catholic Worker, *September 1945*.

Mr, Truman was jubilant. President Truman. True man; what a strange name, come to think of it. We refer to Jesus Christ as true God and true Man. Truman is a true man of his time in that he was jubilant. He was not a son of God, brother of Christ, brother of the Japanese, jubilating as he did. He went from table to table on the cruiser which was bringing him home from the Big Three conference, telling the great news; "jubilant" the newspapers said. *Jubilate Deo*. We have killed 318,000 Japanese.

That is, we hope we have killed them, the Associated Press, on page one, column one of the *Herald Tribune*, says. The effect is hoped for, not known. It is to be hoped they are vaporized, our Japanese brothers -- scattered, men, women and babies, to the four winds, over the seven seas. Perhaps we will breathe their dust into our nostrils, feel them in the fog of New York on our faces, feel them in the rain on the hills of Easton.

Jubilate Deo. President Truman was jubilant. We have created. We have created destruction. We have created a new element, called Pluto. Nature had nothing to do with it.

"A cavern below Columbia was the bomb's cradle," born not that men might live, but that men might be killed. Brought into being in a cavern, and then tried in a desert place, in the midst of tempest and lightning, tried out, and then again on the eve of the Feast of the Transfiguration of our Lord Jesus Christ, on a far off island in the eastern hemisphere, tried out again, this "new weapon which conceivably might wipe out mankind, and perhaps the planet itself."

"Dropped on a town, one bomb would be equivalent to a severe earthquake and would utterly destroy the place. A scientific brain trust has solved the problem of how to confine and release almost unlimited energy. It is impossible yet to measure its effects."

"We have spent two billion on the greatest scientific gamble in history and won," said President Truman jubilantly.

The papers list the scientists (the murderers) who are credited with perfecting this new weapon. One outstanding authority "who earlier had developed a powerful electrical bombardment machine called the cyclotron, was Professor O. E. Lawrence, a Nobel prize winner of the University of California. In the heat of the race to unlock the atom, he built the world's most powerful atom smashing gun, a machine whose electrical projectiles carried charges equivalent to 25,000,000 volts. But such machines were found in the end to be unnecessary. The atom of

Uranium-235 was smashed with surprising ease. Science discovered that not sledgehammer blows, but subtle taps from slow traveling neutrons managed more on a tuning technique were all that were needed to disintegrate the Uranium-235 atom."

...Scientists, army officers, great universities (Notre Dame included), and captains of industry -- all are given credit lines in the press for their work of preparing the bomb -- and other bombs, the President assures us, are in production now.

Great Britain controls the supply of uranium ore, in Canada and Rhodesia. We are making the bombs. This new great force will be used for good, the scientists assured us. And then they wiped out a city of 318,000. This was good. The President was jubilant.

Today's paper with its columns of description of the new era, the atomic era, which this colossal slaughter of the innocents has ushered in, is filled with stories covering every conceivable phase of the new discovery. Pictures of the towns and the industrial plants where the parts are made are spread across the pages. In the forefront of the town of Oak Ridge, Tennessee is a chapel, a large comfortable-looking chapel benignly settled beside the plant. And the scientists making the first tests in the desert prayed, one newspaper account said.

Yes, God is still in the picture. God is not mocked. Today, the day of this so great news, God made a madman dance and talk, who had not spoken for twenty years. God sent a typhoon to damage the carrier Hornet. God permitted a fog to obscure vision and a bomber crashed into the Empire State Building. God permits these things. We have to remember it. We are held in God's hands, all of us, and President Truman too, and these scientists who have created death, but will use it for good. He, God, holds our life and our happiness, our sanity and our health; our lives are in His hands. He is our Creator. Creator.

And as I write, Pigsie, who works in Secaucus, New Jersey, feeding hogs, and cleaning out the excrement of the hogs, who comes in once a month to find beauty and surcease and glamour and glory in the drink of the Bowery, trying to drive the hell and the smell out of his nostrils and his life, sleeps on our doorstep, in this best and most advanced and progressive of all possible worlds. And as I write, our cat, Rainbow, slinks by with a shrill rat in her jaws, out of the kitchen closet here at Mott Street. Here in this greatest of cities which covered the cavern where this stupendous discovery was made, which institutes an era of unbelievable richness and power and glory for man ….

Everyone says, "I wonder what the Pope thinks of it?" How everyone turns to the Vatican for judgement, even though they do not seem to listen to the voice there! But our Lord Himself has already pronounced judgement on the atomic bomb. When James and John wished to call down fire from heaven on their enemies, Jesus said:

"**You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls but to save**." He said also, "**What you do unto the least of these my brethren, you do unto me.**" Ω

End Wars

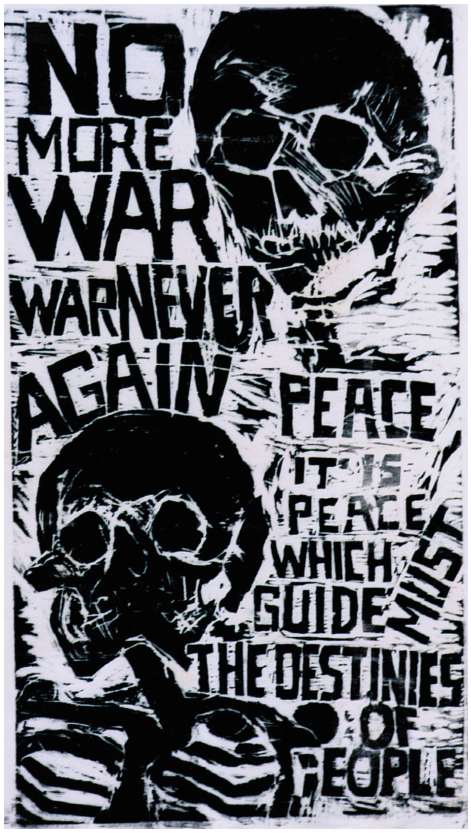
(Continued from Page 1)

Legacy of Vietnam by Jerry Lembcke). Anti-war protesters were also accused of limiting the military so much that it had to fight "with one hand tied behind its back." In actuality, with the exception of nuclear weapons, the US onslaught in Indochina was anything but restrained. Over seven million tons of explosives were dropped during the eleven years after Johnson's promise to limit the war, while no free or fair elections were ever held in areas of US control. The war was not lost because of the peace movement, but because it was waged cruelly to prop up unpopular and corrupt regimes.

The pattern of launching war under false pretexts undergirded by propaganda continued in 1990 when the elder President Bush accused Saddam Hussein's troops of dumping babies out of incubators during their invasion of Kuwait City. Concocted by the public relations firm Hill and Knowlton, this much-repeated fabrication was only a small part of a campaign to transform a war on behalf of the obscenely rich, undemocratic leader of Kuwait into a struggle to liberate the Kuwaiti people. That a half million US soldiers were sent to Kuwait to reinstate the Emir and not one was later deployed to support a popular Shiite rebellion against Saddam Hussein proved that the Gulf War was not about promoting democracy.

A decade later, the younger President Bush resolved to "finish the job," in Iraq implying that his father's killing of 300,000 Iraqis was inadequate. He paraded "evidence" that Saddam Hussein had weapons of mass destruction. He also promised that the US would establish a unified Iraq as a shining light for democracy. History has disproved all of his claims. And yet, as it becomes ever more obvious that US military actions in Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Somalia, and Sudan have swelled the ranks of violent Islamic insurgencies, the militarist right continues to argue that all will be well if only the gloves could be taken off the military. We didn't fail in Iraq because we were wrong, they argue, but because we left too early. A decade of killing, a trillion dollars in spending, and untold human suffering are presented as a "weak" effort. Like the villains in Black Sabbath's song "War Pigs," the masters of war treat human beings like pawns on a chessboard.

In the buildup to the Gulf War, *NY Times* columnist Sydney Schanberg warned journalists not to forget "our unquestioning chorus of agreeability when Lyndon Johnson bamboozled us with his fabrication of the Gulf of Tonkin incident." Schanberg bemoaned "the apparent amnesia of the wider American public" and concluded, "We Americans are the ultimate innocents. We are forever desperate to believe that this time the government is telling us the truth."



Tom Lewis

In reality, the lies surrounding war are breathtakingly brazen. President Truman's lie that the atomic bomb hastened the end of World War II, when it actually extended it four months beyond the first Japanese offer to surrender, (see **The decision to use the atomic bomb and the architecture of an American myth** by Gar Alperovitz) was elevated to the level of blasphemy when the Truman punctuated his atomic deception with "*Deo Gratias*," Thanks be to God.

And so, it is with no small irony that this August represents the 100th anniversary of a war that ushered in a century of warfare as well as the 69th anniversary of the atomic bombings in Japan which initiated the ongoing global nuclear arms race. Like bloodthirsty addicts, the apologists for war seem hellbent on endless escalation. Surely Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. was right when he said, "The choice is not between violence and nonviolence, but between nonviolence and nonexistence."

But as we say at the conclusion of the Catholic Worker Stations of the Cross: "We must not let the seeming invincibility of armies, gangsters, oppressors, and thugs to cause us to lose heart.... A victory of love over hate and life over death is God's promise to us." Similarly, in Saint Luke's Gospel, the prophet Zechariah tells us, "...**In the tender compassion of our God, the dawn from on high shall break upon us to shine on those who dwell in darkness and the shadow of death and to guide our feet into the way of peace.**" Sustaining this hope is hard in the face of relentless calls for war, but essential. Even if the pundits deny it, we know that peace will always be superior to war. We also know that there is a spiritual force, a power beyond the imagination of the Pentagon, that will magnify our efforts and hold back the hands of those who would destroy creation. God will surprise us.

Take heart. On June 19, *FOX News*' Megyn Kelly said to former Vice President Dick Cheney, "Time and time again, history has proven that you got it wrong ...in Iraq, sir. You said there was no doubt Saddam Hussein had weapons of mass destruction. You said we would be greeted as liberators. You said the insurgency was in its last throes back in 2005, and you said that after our intervention, extremists would have to 'rethink their strategy of jihad.' Now, with almost a trillion dollars spent there, with almost 4,500 American lives lost there, what do you say to those who say *you* were so wrong about so much at the expense of so many?"

When such clarity penetrates a bastion of conservativism like *Fox News*, I am reassured that hope indeed does spring eternal. Ω

Refusal: 9/12/2001

by Dan Lewis

This poem will not wear
the flag today. This poem
stunned to silence by history, will not
become part of the pregame pep talk, will not
be purchased by the quick need for blood,
will not be cajoled into extolling war.

This poem will not resort to nostalgia,
seizing opportunity to borrow exalted words
from the distinctly glorified past. This
poem, however bruised and battered,
seemingly knock irreparably from
its mooring of meaning, will not
engage in the easy self-aggrandizement
of nationalism to assuage its guilt and anger.

While the greasy smoke still stains
the sunrise, while the dust is still
borne aloft like volcanic ash, while
the dead remain uncounted, this poem
will rise gingerly in the landmine
field of words, constituting itself
only slowly out of silence. Against
all odds, this poem will try again
to learn to pray. Ω

Reprinted with permission from the author's 2012 book, ***This Garden****.*

The Falling Leaves

by Margaret Postgate Cole

Today, as I rode by,
I saw the brown leaves dropping from their tree
In a still afternoon,
When no wind whirled them whistling to the sky,
But thickly, silently,
They fell, like snowflakes wiping out the noon;
And wandered slowly thence
For thinking of a gallant multitude
Which now all withering lay,
Slain by no wind of age or pestilence,
But in their beauty strewed
Like snowflakes falling on the Flemish clay. Ω

Editor's Note: This poem was written in 1915.

Dulce et Decorum Est

by Wilfred Owen

Bent double, like old beggars under sacks,
Knock-kneed, coughing like hags,
we cursed through sludge,
Till on the haunting flares we turned our backs
And towards our distant rest began to trudge.
Men marched asleep. Many had lost their boots
But limped on, blood-shod. All went lame; all blind;
Drunk with fatigue; deaf even to the hoots
Of tired, outstripped Five-Nines that dropped behind.

Gas! Gas! Quick, boys! – An ecstasy of fumbling,
Fitting the clumsy helmets just in time;
But someone still was yelling out and stumbling,
And flound'ring like a man in fire or lime . . .
Dim, through the misty panes and thick green light,
As under a green sea, I saw him drowning.

In all my dreams, before my helpless sight,
He plunges at me, guttering, choking, drowning.

If in some smothering dreams you too could pace
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin;
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood
Come gargling from the froth-corrupted lungs,
Obscene as cancer, bitter as the cud
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest
To children ardent for some desperate glory,
The old Lie; *Dulce et Decorum est*
Pro patria mori. Ω

Editor's Note: The title and last line of this poem were taken from an ode by Horace which means, "It is sweet and right to die for your country." The author was killed in action on November 5, 1918, six days before the war's end.

A Timely Book

Contested Land, Contested Memory, *Israel's Jews and Arabs and the Ghosts of Catastrophe,* by Jo Roberts, (former member of the NY and Toronto Catholic Worker communities) 2013, Dundurn Press. For more information or to read the introduction, please go to www.joroberts.org. Now available at Amazon.com.

"This book is perhaps the best book I can think of for thoughtful people to read about Israel and Palestine."

— Professor Laura Levitt; author, **American Jewish Loss after the Holocaust**

In 1948, as Jewish refugees, survivors of the Holocaust, struggle towards the new state of Israel, Arab refugees are fleeing, many under duress. Sixty years later, the memory of trauma has shaped both peoples' collective understanding of who they are.

After a war, the victors write history. How was the story of the exiled Palestinians erased — from textbooks, maps, even the land? How do Jewish and Palestinian Israelis now engage with the histories of the Palestinian Nakba ("Catastrophe") and the Holocaust, and how do these echo through the political and physical landscapes of their country?

Vividly narrated, with extensive original interview material, **Contested Land, Contested Memory** examines how these tangled histories of suffering inform Jewish- and Palestinian-Israeli lives today, and frame Israel's possibilities for peace.

"*Roberts does a masterful job of presenting all perspectives in their proper context.*"

— *Publishers Weekly*

"*The author significantly contributes to the historiography of 1948 ... Roberts' thoughtful book considers the traumas of the Holocaust for Jewish Israelis and the Nakba for Palestinian citizens of Israel through the lens of 'social suffering.'*"

— *Electronic Intifada*

"*In this moving, lyrical, and very important book, with some of the bravest and most honest of Israelis and Palestinians as guides, Roberts offers readers an intimate, often searing tour of the country's psychological landscape.*"

— Professor Ian Lustick, Bess W. Heyman chair of Political Science, University of Pennsylvania

"*This compelling and compassionate book offers fresh insight into how these divergent histories reverberate in Israel today, examining how selective memories of suffering that exclude the 'other' impede reconciliation and a just peace.*"

— Mubarak Awad, founder, Palestinian Center for the Study of Nonviolence

"*[This] beautifully written book provides an essential perspective on a topic that could not be more urgent. . . [and] captures the voices of Jewish and Palestinian Israelis in all their diversity, pain, and eloquence.*"

— Professor Michael Rothberg, Director of the Holocaust, Genocide, & Memory Studies Initiative at the University of Illinois

FINALIST - 2013
National Jewish Book Awards

Letters

Anthony Russo

Dear Claire,

I was quite moved by your telling of Ilibagiza's story of forgiving her family's, friends' and villagers' murderers, especially this: "The world, she came to realize, was divided into two parts: the side of love and the side of hate. Those standing on love's side were always trying to bring the others over." That is the ultimate issue for all of us, isn't it?

Paul Connelly de Junco
Toronto, Canada

Dear Editors,

Your article "Reckoning," was of particular interest as I had the opportunity to hear a Rwandan survivor/fighter named Mr. Emmanuel speak at a local public school which offers its high school students a course on Holocaust studies. He shared no smiles, while presenting a national portrait of a country exploited by European interests, Belgium and France, and, in his opinion, racism encouraged by Catholic Church authorities. One can certainly wonder about the psychological and spiritual transformation that took place in his mind as well as in Immaculée Ilibagiza's. Rwandans must have been praying, "My God (and neighbor), make haste to rescue me!"

One after-effect of the massacre is that the predominantly agricultural country has evolved from a diverse crop producing system to a monocultural economy. Seems a bit more precarious when thinking about Ireland and the potato famine. Personally, I see the massacre and ensuing environmental changes as part of President George Bush's New World Order.

Michael Marek
Jonah House Catholic Worker
Dallas, Texas

Dear Scott and Claire,
Many thanks for the June/July *Catholic Radical* and for calling our attention to the Israeli government's destruction of the Nassar family's fruit trees, terraces, and grape vines south of Bethlehem. As you made clear, this is just the latest in the Israeli government's decade's long program to destroy the lives of the Palestinian people.

I wonder how many of the *Catholic Radical* readers know they can help bring an end to this litany of destruction simply by heeding the Palestinians' call for Boycott, Divestment, and Sanctions. Concerted BDS actions helped end apartheid in South Africa. They can help end the Israeli government's apartheid policies and bring about peace with justice for Palestinians and Israelis.

Readers considering the purchase of a home beverage carbonation unit can choose an alternative to SodaStream. SodaStream profits from the occupation. The company's main factory is in the illegal Israeli settlement of Maale Adumim, in Occupied Palestinian Territory. Supporting SodaStream supports the occupation.

They can go one step further. Contact retailers in their area who sell SodaStream and let them know they're supporting Israel's occupation of Palestine and its oppression of the Palestinian people. Remind them that they have a choice. Suggest they stock and sell Cuisinart Sparkling Beverage Makers or other home carbonation units instead of SodaStream.

If each of us does something, we can help take the profit out of the occupation and pave the road to peace with justice.

Paul and Katja Rehm
Greenville, New York

Editor's Note: On June 20, the Presbyterian Church (USA) voted to divest it $21 million in holdings with Hewlett-Packard, Motorola Solutions, and Caterpillar for selling products to Israel to help promote violence in Palestinian Territories. "We as a church cannot profit from the destruction of homes and lives," said Rev. Gradye Parsons, a spokesperson for the Church. Also on June 20, the Spanish Foreign Ministry joined the Netherlands, UK, France, Germany, and Italy in warning their citizens, against doing business with illegal Israeli settlements in the Occupied Palestinian Territory, which include East Jerusalem and the Golan Heights. The Foreign Ministry also condemned Israel's announcement that it would be constructing 200 new illegal settlements in occupied East Jerusalem in addition to 2,000 "Jewish-only" housing units in various settlements planned throughout the West Bank.

Hi Good Saints,
When your newsletter arrives I open, look, turn pages, and read every word of MSM [Mason Street Musings]. The rest can wait till my reading time at night. After 30 years with the Worker, I often tell myself, "If I can't cry any more, I'm in big trouble with my spirituality." Scott, I cried so much trying to read MSM, I had to re-read it. I'm going to ask my parish pastor if I can print as an insert to the bulletin.

I'm getting old at 65, but still in love, praise God!!

John Mahoney
Saint Francis Catholic Worker
Spotsylvania, Virginia

Dear Scott,
Thank you for placing my poem next to Peter Maurin's "Case for Utopia." It's one of my favorites! It's a great honor to be on the same page as one of the greatest social philosophers and practical theologians of the 20th century. I only hope that, someday, Peter gets the recognition and respect that he so richly deserves.

Joe Campanello
Mansfield, Massachusetts

Grandmother Jailed

On July 10, Mary Anne Grady Flores, a grandmother of three, was sentenced to one year in prison for being found guilty of violating an order of protection. Typically used to prevent domestic violence, these orders have been issued to more than 50 peaceful demonstrators at Hancock Air Base, since 2012. The base, near Syracuse NewYork, pilots unmanned Reaper drones over Afghanistan, and trains drone pilots, sensor operators, and maintenance technicians. The orders were issued to "protect" Colonel Earl Evans, Hancock's mission support commander.

At her sentencing, Mary Anne asked Judge David Gideon, "Who is the real victim here — the commander of a military base whose drones kill innocent people halfway around the world, or those innocent people themselves who are the real ones in need of protection from the terror of US drone attacks?" Ω

Editor's Note: Letters of support can be sent to: Mary Anne Grady Flores #12001966, The Onondaga County Department of Correction, PO Box 143, Jamesville, NY 13078. Financial help to support an appeal of Mary Anne's case should be made out to: The Ithaca Catholic Worker (with Mary Anne's name in the memo) 133 Sheffield Road, Ithaca, New York 14850.

Catholic Worker Calendar

Saturday, August 9 — Nagasaki Day Vigil: Please join us in a vigil for nuclear disarmament on the 69th anniversary of the atomic bombing of Japan. Noon-1P.M. Worcester City Hall.

Sunday, September 14 — Vigil to Remove ROTC: Please join us on the Feast of the Holy Cross on the steps of Holy Cross College's Dinand Library to call for the end of military training on campus. 1-2 P.M.

Wednesday, August 13 & September 10, 24 — Evening Prayer or Mass: Please join us in prayer and song. 7 P.M. 52 Mason Street. Refreshments to follow.

Mason Street Musings

There was a week this summer when I thought we should rename our Catholic Worker "David's House" in honor of recent renovators: Dave Besnia, who built our basement door and installed new energy-efficient windows; Dave Maher, who hauled away the cheap paneling Scott and I ripped off the walls in the back bedroom; and David Bogoian, who sanded and coated its chinked pine floors.

Behind the cheap paneling were old horsehair walls that we cleaned, patched, and painted. The task took longer than expected. For a week, I walked around coated in fine white silt, inhaling fumes that stung my lungs. The experience made me appreciate all the anonymous builders in our lives — the roofers, the plasterers, and those who repair our highways, to name a few. Because of their precision and toil our houses are comfortable and our roads functional.

A crew of energetic teens from Saint Susannah's Parish in Dedham and their chaperones came on a hot Friday in June to help scrub down the bakery and put the garden in order. Thanks to them, the gangly tomato seedlings that were cramped in vegetable flats on the back porch now spread roots in loose soil.

I have just returned to house and garden from a reporting assignment in Detroit, an astonishingly American city of ambitious ingenuity, over-reach, and abandonment. Downtown and mid-town glitter with new corporate investment, and there are pockets of gentrification elsewhere. But in many neighborhoods, vacant houses, gutted by scrappers, are sagging into themselves. They stand adjacent to handsome homes courageously maintained in the face of the abandonment and decay.

While in Detroit, I received wonderful hospitality at the Dorothy Day Catholic

Grace Duffy

Worker. I was with Catholic Worker priest Tom Lumpkin when he and nine others were arrested for nonviolently blockading the trucks that are shutting off water to poor residents who are in arrears on their water bills. Detroit has lost more than half its population. With this exodus has come a great greening. Gardens and urban farms are cropping up everywhere. The Capuchins have two such farms down the street from their soup kitchen and monastery, which stands immaculate and serene deep in the city's poorest area. The Franciscan sanctuary is just one of the many hubs of hope I observed in Motown.

The week Scott and I restored the bedroom wall, Iraq disintegrated into war. Sanding obsessively, I listened to news reports about Sunni militants moving through the northern part of the country. Over there, houses were collapsing. Now as I write, the people and buildings of Gaza are being blasted. War is always a time of huge undoing.

In my younger years, I resented the tedium of property management. *Oh for the simple freedom of a one-room hut*. I still crave the hut, but these days, I see the holy value of the caretaker and gardener. To insert a bit of beauty in a blighted place is an act of hope and defiance against prevailing de-construction. It declares, "There are people here, and they deserve loveliness!"

Thanks to all who help us as we try to build hope on Mason Street, material and otherwise. We welcome contributions. Summer is a lean time for us financially. Bills await and the need for repairs and restorations is ever with us. In our last issue, Scott wrote poignantly about our little neighbor Cayden, whom I have nicknamed "Captain America," his favorite super-hero. In mid-July, Captain America attended a nature camp at our local wildlife sanctuary, this adventure made possible by our friend Dave Maher. Maybe we *should* rename the house.

Happy summer and keep building, everyone. Ω **Claire**

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